

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT WILLIE.

There is a fine ship on the ocean,
All lined with silver and gold
Its name is Abraham Lincoln,
And I'm sure that by Willie's on board.

O meet, O meet me by moonlight,
O meet me by moonlight alone ;
I have a sad story to tell you,
Must be told by the moonlight alone.

O ! where has my Willie now gone to,
He's out on the wild raging sea,
He's out on the ocean sailing,
And he'll never come back unto me.

O meet, O meet me by moonlight,
O meet me by moonlight alone ;
I have a sad story to tell you,
Must be told by the moonlight alone.

I wish I knew of an eagle,
Would lend me their wings for to fly ;
I'd fly to the arms of my Willie,
And there I would lay down and die.

O meet, O meet me by moonlight,
O meet me by moonlight alone ;
I have a sad story to tell you,
Must be told by the moonlight alone.

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